

Haunted America

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Summary: The Quest Team explores a haunted cabin in the woods...with unexpected results!

## Haunted America

Disclaimer: Hanna Barbera Productions owns JQ. Alexis Ericta owns the JQ2K team. I own myself. Category: E, JQ2K, Horror Archivists: Please feel free to take it. Authors Notes: At end Haunted America Episode One By: Sara Metz

Mishelle Jenks stretched her legs out and yawned. Her idea of a Saturday night was seeing a movie or going to a party. Sitting in the woods when the temperature was 30 degrees was not her idea of a good time. She pulled out her walkie-talkie. "Jess, it's Shelle. Are you as bored as I am?" "Fraid so. Forget ghostly apparitions and strange lights, all I've seen was two owls and a bumble bee." "It wouldn't be so bad if we could hang together. Or with someone like Mulder." "You and Mulder. Very funny. So, nothing up in your sector?" "Not a bit. Hell, I'd feel better if something happened. At least it would be exciting." "Hey, be careful what you wish for. It might come true." "Hey, you two, cut the chatter. We need to have clear channels in case something happens." "Right, Bleach-head. Bye Jess." Mishelle scowled. She could be watching the X-Files or something. But no she was sitting on her butt in the middle of the cold, wet woods, staring at noth... What was that? She thought. She could see a strange glowing light out in the woods, bobbing back and forth. Mishelle pulled out her gun before picking up the walkie-talkie. "Guys, I've got a light in the woods, heading towards me...that'd be north. Can you back up my position?" "Can do, Shelle." Travis Crenshaw said. She stood staring at the light which was now hovering about 40 yards ahead of her. Suddenly, someone tapped her on the shoulder, and she jumped in fright. "Ooh, is Rover afraid?" Jonny said tauntingly. "Stuff it, Bleach-head. What do you think it is?" Mishelle shined her light towards it. "Honestly, Jenks, I don't know. And I wish I did." "Oh, that's just great. Drag us off into the middle of the woods to look for something that you don't even know what it is!! That has to be the most brilliant idea I've heard in a long time!" "Shut up. Come

on, let's follow it." Mishelle rolled her eyes, but set off after him. When they were within 20 feet of the light, it started to move towards the south. Jonny pursued it restlessly. Mishelle quietly spoke into her walkie-talkie. "Guys? We're moving southwest at about 5 miles an hour. Are there any significant landmarks we should know about?" "Uh, Mishelle?" Asked Bryce. "There's a small cabin about a half-mile south of the creek. Have you passed that yet?" "The creek, yes. The house, no. Oh my God, the light just went out. And there's the cabin. Jonny's walking up to it now." "What can you see, Shelle?" Travis asked. "My God! There are glowing footprints leading across the porch. Phosphorescent! I need to take a sample." The group waited while Mishelle took a sample. They were listening in when Mishelle started shouting. "Quest, don't go in there!! I mean it! It isn't stable! Come on, this isn't funny! OH MY GOD!! WHAT IS THAT?!?! GUYS, GET HERE QUICK!! GUYS? GUYS? GUYS!!!" Suddenly all they could hear was static. Travis Crenshaw listened to his walkie-talkie, but no sound came through. Finally, he switched to another channel to talk to the other members of the team. "Bryce, can you hear me?" He asked worriedly. "Loud and clear, bro. What's your current location?" Travis consulted the lighted screen of his GPS locator. "Oh, about half a mile east of the cabin. I'm heading straight for it. How about the rest of us?" "Ditto on the destination. Jessie listening to their channel in case she hears anything." Claudette soon replied to their message. "Bonsoir. I am almost to the cabin. Has anyone alerted Hadji and Tai-lee?" Travis nodded to himself. "Good point. I'll switch channels and relay the information." Meanwhile, Bryce was entering the outskirts of the clearing. He tried to see the cabin, but a thick fog obscured his view. "Like pea soup." He murmured to himself. Suddenly, he heard the sound of a gun firing. "'Shelle? Is that you?" "Bryce! Come quick! I need your help!" Mishelle's voice came out of the fog. Bryce plowed ahead, finally bumping into Mishelle. "What happened? We lost all contact!" "I don't know! And I most sincerely wish I did! I warned Quest not to go in, but he did anyway. Typical!" "And then what?" "The whole cabin filled with light. I yelled, but there wasn't any answer. Then I tripped over a stone. I knocked myself on the head pretty hard, and when I woke back up, I was in this dense fog. I thought I felt something touch me, so I started shooting." 'Shelle concluded. "Strange. My GPS says that the cabin should be about 20 feet south of us. Hopefully we can find it, but in this junk, if we were off one step we wouldn't find it." "No kidding." The pair moved slowly through the fog, consulting the GPS every minute or so. Suddenly, the cabin loomed up in front of them. Mishelle stared. "It seemed a lot smaller before." She shrugged and pulled out her pocket flashlight. "Want to go in?" Bryce bowed gallantly. "Ladies first." "Thanks." Mishelle replied sarcastically, swinging open the door.

End  
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